

2. Qu. Honoured Hypolita  
Most dreaded Amazonian, that ha'st slaine  
The Sich-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as strong  
As it is white, wast neere to make the male  
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord  
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour  
First nature stilde it in, shrunke thee into  
The bownd thou wast ore-flowing; at once subduing  
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireesse  
That equally canst poize sternenes with pittie,  
Whom now I know hast much more power on him  
Then ever he had on thee, who ow'st his strength,  
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for  
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glaske of Ladies  
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch,  
Vnder the shaddow of his Sword, may coole us:  
Require him he advance it ore our heades;  
Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman  
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;  
But touch the ground for us no longer time  
Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:  
Tell him if he i'th blood cizd field, lay swolne  
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone  
What you would doe.

Hip. Poore Lady, say no more:  
I had as leife trace this good action with you  
As that whereto I am going, and never yet  
Went I so willing, way. My Lord is taken  
Hart deepe with your distresse: Let him consider?  
He speake anon.

3. Qu. O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*  
Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied  
Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting forme  
Is prest with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray stand up,  
Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. Qu. O woe,  
You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,

Like

Like wrinckled peobles in a glasse streame  
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alacke)  
He that will all the Treasure know o'th earth  
Must know the Center too; he that will fish  
For my least minnow, let him lead his line  
To catch one at my heart. O pardon me,  
Extremity that sharpenes sundry wits  
Makes me a Foole.

Emilia. Pray you say nothing, pray you,  
Who cannot feele, nor see the raine being in't,  
Knowes neither wet, nor dry, if that you were  
The ground-peece of some Painter, I would buy you  
T'instruct me gainst a Capitall greefe indeed  
Such heart peirc'd demonstration; but alas  
Being a naturall Sister of our Sex  
Your sorrow beates so ardently upon me,  
That it shall make a counter reflect gainst  
My Brothers heart, and warme it to some pittie  
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort.

Thes. Forward to'th Temple, leave not out a lot  
O'th sacred Ceremony.

1. Qu. O This Celebration  
Will long last, and be more costly then,  
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame  
Knowles in the eare, o'th world: what you doe quickly,  
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more.  
Then others laboured meditanee: your premeditating  
More then their actions: But oh Love, your actions  
Soone as they mooves as Asprays doe the fish,  
Subdue before they touch, thinke, deere Duke thinke  
What beds our slaine Kings have.

2. Qu. What greifes our beds  
That our deere Lords have none.

3. Qu. None fit for'th dead:  
Those that with Cordes, Knives, drams precipitance,  
Weary of this worlds light, have to themselves  
Beene deathes most horrid Agents, humane grace  
Affords them dust and shaddow.

1. Qu. But our Lords

Lie